HAK
PEAR
RICL
RINC
OF
TYRE
1619

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The end is made up by Facsimile, but this is the only uncut copy I ever saw.

Aa 3; Aa 4 and Bb in facsimile

THE LATE,
And much admired Play,
CALLED,

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole Hi-
ſtory, aduentures, and fortunes of
the ſaide Prince.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.

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THE HISTORY OF
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Enter Gower.

TO ſing a ſong that old was ſung,
From aſhes, ancient *Gower* is come,
Aſſuming mans infirmities,
To glad your eare, and pleaſe your eies;
It hath beene ſung at Feſtiuals,
On Ember eues, and holy-daies
And Lords and Ladies in their liues,
Haue read it for reſtoratiues:
The purchaſe is to make men glorious.
Et bonum quo Antiquius eo melius:
If you, borne in theſe latter times,
When wits more ripe, accept my Rimes;
And that to heare an old man ſing,
May to your wiſhes pleaſure bring:
I life would wiſh, and that I might
Waſte it for you like Taper-light.
This *Antioch*, then, *Antiochus* the great,
Built vp this City for his chiefeſt ſeate;
The faireſt in all *Syria*.
I tell you what mine Authors ſay:
This King vnto him tooke a Peere,
Who died, and left a female heire,
So buckſome, blithe, and full of face,

As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to inceſt did prouoke:
Bad childe, worſe father, to entice his owne.
To euill ſhould be done by none:
But cuſtome, what they did begin,
Was with long vſe, accounted no ſinne,
The beauty of this ſinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thether frame,
To ſeeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleaſures, play-fellow:
Which to preuent, he made a Law,
To keepe her ſtill, and men in awe,
That who ſo askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, loſt his liſe:
So for her many of wight did die,
As yon grim lookes do teſtifie.
What enſues to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cauſe, who beſt can iuſtifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued
The danger of the taske you vndertake.

Per. I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a ſoule emboldned
With the glory of her praiſe, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Muſicke bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, euen of *Ioue* himſelfe;
At whoſe conception, till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gaue, to glad her preſence,
The Senate houſe of Planets all did ſit,
To knit in her their beſt perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where ſhe comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her ſubiects, and her thoughts the King,
Of euery vertue giues renowne to men:

Her

Her face the booke of praiſes, where is read,
Nothing but curious pleaſures, as from thence,
Sorrow were euer rackt, and teſty wrath
Could neuer be her milde companion.
You Gods that made me man, and ſway in loue,
That haue enflam'd deſire in my breſt,
To taſte the fruite of yon celeſtiall tree,
(Or die in the aduenture) be my helpes,
As I am ſonne and ſeruant to your will,
To compaſſe ſuch a bondleſſe happineſſe.

Anti. Prince *Pericles.*

Per. That would be ſonne to great *Antiochus.*

Anti. Before thee ſtands this faire *Heſperides*,
With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht:
For death like Dragons heere affright thee hard,
Her face like heauen, enticeth thee to view
Her countleſſe glory, which deſert muſt gaine:
And which without deſert, becauſe thine eye
Preſumes to reach, all the whole heape muſt dye,
Yon ſometimes famous Princes like thy ſelfe,
Drawne by report, aduenturous by deſire,
Tell thee with ſpeechleſſe tongues, and ſemblance pale,
That without couering, ſaue yon field of ſtarres,
Heere they ſtand martyrs, ſlaine in *Cupids* warres:
And with dead cheekes aduiſe thee to deſiſt,
For going on dearhs net, whom none reſiſt.

Per. Antiochus I thanke thee, who hath taught
My fraile mortality to know it ſelfe,
And by thoſe fearefull obiects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I muſt:
For death remembred, ſhould be like a Myrrour,
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to truſt it error:
Ile make my will then, and as ſicke men do,
Who know the world, ſee heauen, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly ioyes, as erſt they did;
So I bequeathe a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as euery Prince ſhould do:

My

My riches to the earth from whence they came:
But my vnſpotted fire of Loue to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the ſharpeſt blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning aduice; read the concluſion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As theſe before, thou thy ſelfe ſhalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all ſaid yet, thou proue proſperous,
Of all ſaid yet, I wiſh thee happineſſe.

Per. Like a bold Champion I aſſume the Liſtes,
Nor aske aduice of any other thought,
But faithfulneſſe and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers fleſh which did me breed:
I ſought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindneſſe in a father.
Hee's father, ſonne, and husband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his childe;
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will liue, reſolue it you.

Sharpe phyſicke is the laſt; but O you powers!
That giues heauen countleſſe eyes to view mens actes,
Why cloud they not their ſights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to reade it,
Faire glaſſe of light, I lou'd you and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with ill:
But I muſt tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing ſinne within, will touch the gate:
You are a faire Vyoll, and your ſence the ſtrings,
Who fingerd to make man his lawfull muſicke,
Would draw heauen downe, and all the gods to hearken,
But being plaid vpon before your time,
Hell onely daunceth at ſo harſh a chime:

Good

Good ſooth, I care not for you.

Anti. Prince *Pericles*, touch not vpon thy life,
For that's an article within our Law,
As dangerous as the reſt: your times expirde
Either expound now, or receiue your ſentence.

Peri. Great King,
Few loue to heare the ſinnes they loue to acte,
T'would braid your ſelfe too neare for me to tell it:
Who hath a booke of all that Monarchs do,
Hee's more ſecure to keepe it ſhut, then ſhewne:
For vice repeated, is like the wandring winde,
Blowes duſt in others eies, to ſpread it ſelfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the ſore eies ſee cleare.
To ſtop the aire would hurt them, the blinde Mole caſt
Copt hils toward heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppreſſion, and the poore worme doth die for't.
Kings are earths Gods: in vice their law's their will,
And if *Ioue* ſtray, who dares ſay, *Ioue* doth ill.
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worſe to ſmother it.
All loue the wombe that their being bred,
Then giue my tongue like leaue to loue my head.

Ant. Heauen that I had it; he has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of your ſtrict edict,
Your expoſition miſ-interpreting,
We might proceed to counſell of your daies;
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo faire a tree,
As your faire ſelfe, doth tune vs otherwiſe:
Forty daies longer we do reſpite you,
If by which time our ſecret be vndone,
This mercy ſhewes, wee'l ioy in ſuch a ſonne:
And vntill then, your entertaine ſhall be
As doth befit our honour, and your worth. *Exit.*

Manet Pericles ſolus.

Per. How courteſie would ſeeme to couer ſinne,

When

When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight,
If it be true that I interpret falſe,
Then were it certaine you were not ſo bad,
As with foule Inceſt to abuſe your ſoule:
VVhere now you both a father and a ſonne,
By your vntimely claſpings with your childe,
(VVhich pleaſures fits an husband, not a father)
And ſhe an eater of her mothers fleſh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like ſerpents are, who though they feed
On ſweeteſt flowers, yet they poyſon breed.
Antioch farwell, for wiſedome ſees thoſe men
Bluſh not in actions blacker then the night,
VVill ſhew no courſe to keepe them from the light:
One ſinne (I know) another doth prouoke;
Murder's as neere to luſt, as flame to ſmoake:
Poyſon and treaſon are the hands of ſinne,
I, and the Targets to put off the ſhame,
Then leaſt my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight Ile ſhun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head,
He muſt not liue to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, *Antiochus* doth ſinne
In ſuch a loathed manner.
And therefore inſtantly this Prince muſt die,
For by his fall, my honour muſt keepe hie.
VVho attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highneſſe call?

Anti. Thaliard, you are of our Chamber,
And our minde partakes her priuate actions
To your ſecreſie; and for your faithfulneſſe
VVe will aduance you *Thaliard:*

Behold,

Behold, heer's poyſon and heer's gold,
VVe hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou muſt kill him,
It fits thee not to aske the reaſon why?
Becauſe we bid it: ſay, is it done?

Thal. My Lord, tis done.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath coole your ſelfe, telling your haſte.

Meſſ. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt liue, flye after, and like an arrow ſhot from a well experient Archer hits the marke his eye doth leuell it: ſo do thou neuer returne, vnleſſe thou ſay, Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my piſtols length, Ile make him ſure enough: ſo farwell to your highneſſe.

Anti. Thaliard adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no ſuccour to my head. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Per. Let none diſturbe vs:
VVhy ſhould this change of thoughts,
The ſad companion dull-eyde melancholy,
By me ſo vſde, a gueſt as not an houre,
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The toombe where griefe ſhould ſleepe, can breed me quiet,
Here pleaſures court mine eyes, and mine eyes ſhun them,
And danger which I feard, is at *Antioch*,
VVhoſe arme ſeemes farre too ſhort to hit me here,
Yet neither pleaſures art can ioy my ſpirits,
Nor yet the others diſtance comfort me:
Then it is thus, that paſſions of the minde,
That haue their firſt conception by miſ-dread,
Haue after nouriſhment and life by care;
And what was firſt but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.
And ſo with me; the great *Antiochus*,
Gainſt whom I am too little to contend,

Since

Since hee's ſo great, can make his will his acte,
Will thinke me ſpeaking, though I ſweare to ſilence,
Nor bootes it me to ſay I honour,
If he ſuſpect I may diſhonour him.
And what may make him bluſh in being knowne,
Hee'l ſtop the courſe by which it might be knowne,
With hoſtile forces hee'l ore-ſpread the land,
And with the ſtint of warre will looke ſo huge,
Amazement ſhall driue courage from the ſtate:
Our men be vanquiſht, ere they do reſiſt,
And ſubiects puniſht, that neuer thought offence,
Which care of them, not pitty of my ſelfe,
VVho once no more but as the tops of trees,
VVhich fence the rootes they grow by, and defend them,
Makes both my body pine, and ſoule to languiſh,
And puniſh that before that he would puniſh.

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your ſacred breaſt.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your minde till ye returne to vs peacefull and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue:
They do abuſe the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellowes blowes vp ſinne,
The thing the which is flattered, but a ſparke,
To which that ſparke giues heart and ſtronger glowing,
Whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When Signior ſooth here doth proclaime peace,
He flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
Prince pardon me, or ſtrike me if you pleaſe,
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leaue vs elſe: but let your cares ore-looke
What ſhipping, and what ladings in our Hauen,
And then returne to vs: *Helicanus* thou haſt
Moou'd vs: what ſeeſt thou in our lookes?

Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord.

Per, If there be ſuch a dart in Princes frownes,
How durſt thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hell.

Hell. How dares the planets looke vp to heauen,
From whence they haue their nouriſhment?

Per. Thou knoweſt I haue power to take thy life from thee.

Hell. I haue ground the axe my ſelfe,
Do you but ſtrike the blow.

Per. Riſe, prethee riſe, ſit downe, thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee for it, and heauen forbid,
That Kings ſhould let their eares heare their faults hid.
Fit Councellor, and ſeruant for a Prince,
Who by thy wiſedome makes a Prince thy ſeruant,
What wouldſt thou haue me do?

Hell. To beare with patience ſuch griefes,
As you your ſelfe do lay vpon your ſelfe.

Per. Thou ſpeakeſt like a Phyſition, *Hellicanus*,
That miniſters a portion vnto me,
That thou wouldſt tremble to receiue thy ſelfe.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
Whereas thou knowſt (againſt the face of death)
I ſought the purchaſe of a glorious beauty,
From whence an iſſue I might propigate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioyes to Subiects:
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The reſt (harke in thine eare) as blacke as inceſt,
Which by my knowledge found, the ſinfull father,
Seem'd not to ſtrike, but ſmoothe: But thou knowſt this,
Tis time to feare, when tyrants ſeeme to kiſſe.
Which feare ſo grew in me I hither fled,
Vnder the couering of a carefull night,
Who ſeem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought what was paſt, what might ſucceed;
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare
Decreaſe not, but grow faſter then the yeares:
And ſhould he thinke, as no doubt he doth,
That I ſhould open to the liſtening ayre,
How many worthy Princes bloud were ſhed,
To keepe his bed of blackneſſe vnlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, hee'l fill this Land with armes,

And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Muſt feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which loue to all, of which thy ſelfe art one,
Who now reprouedſt me for it.

Hell. Alaſſe ſir.

Per. Drew ſleepe out of mine eyes, bloud from my cheekes,
Muſings into my minde, with thouſand doubts
How I might ſtop their tempeſt ere it came,
And finding little comfort to releeue them,
I thought it princely charity to greeue for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, ſince you haue giuen me leaue to ſpeake,
Freely will I ſpeake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And iuſtly too I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who eyther by publike warre, or priuate treaſon,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe trauell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Deſtinies do cut his thred of life: your Rule direct to any, if vnto me, day ſerues not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith,
But ſhould he wrong my liberties in my abſence?

Hell. VVee'l mingle our blouds together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. *Tyre*, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharſus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whoſe Letters Ile diſpoſe my ſelfe,
The care I had and haue of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whoſe wiſedomes ſtrength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith, not aske thine oath,
Who ſhuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbes we liue ſo round and ſafe,
That time of both this truth ſhall neere conuince,
Thou ſheweſt a ſubiects ſhine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

Enter Thaliard ſolus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, heere muſt I kill King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am ſure to be hanged at home: it

it is dangerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wiſe fellow, and had good diſcretion, that being bid to aske what he would of the King, deſired hee might know none of his ſecrets. Now do I ſee hee had ſome reaſon for it: for if a King bid a man be a villaine, hee is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.

Huſht, heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Hellicanus, Eſcanes, with other Lords of Tyre.

Hell. You ſhall not need, my fellow-Peeres of *Tyre*, further to queſtion me of your Kings departure: his ſealed Commiſſion left in truſt with me, doth ſpeake ſufficiently, hee's gone to trauell.

Thal. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be ſatisfied, (why as it were vnlicenc'd of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue ſome light vnto you: Being at *Antioch*,

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royall *Antiochus* (on what cauſe I know not) took ſome diſpleaſure at him, at leaſt he iudged ſo: and doubting that hee had erred or ſinned, to ſhew his ſorrow, he would correct himſelfe; ſo puts himſelfe vnto the ſhip-mans toyle, with whom, each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. VVell, I perceiue I ſhall not bee hanged now, although I would, but ſince hee's gone, the Kings Seas muſt pleaſe: hee ſcapte the Land, to periſh at the Sea: Ile preſent my ſelfe, Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with meſſage vnto Princely *Pericles*; but ſince my landing I haue vnderſtood, your Lord hath betooke himſelfe to vnknowne trauailes, my meſſage muſt returne from whence it came.

Hell. VVe haue no reaſon to deſire it, commended to our Maſter, not to vs; yet ere you ſhall depart, this wee deſire as friends to *Antioch*, we may feaſt in *Tyre*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon the Gouernor of Tharſus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dioniſia*, ſhall we reſt vs here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hils becauſe they do aſpire,
Throwes downe one Mountaine to caſt vp a higher:
O my diſtreſſed Lord, euen ſuch our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and ſeene with miſchiefes eies,
But like to Groues being topt, they higher riſe.

Cleon. O *Dionizia*,
Who wanteth food, and will not ſay he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famiſh?
Our tongues and ſorrowes do ſound deepe:
Our woes into the ayre, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen ſlumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.
Ile then diſcourſe our woes felt ſeuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to ſpeake, helpe me with teares.

Dion. Ile do my beſt Sir.

Cleon. This *Tharſus*, ore which I haue the gouernment,
A Citty, on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches ſtrewd her ſelfe euen in the ſtreetes,
Whoſe towers bore heads ſo high, they kiſt the clouds,
And ſtrangers nere beheld, but wondred at,
Whoſe men and dames ſo ietted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glaſſe to trim them by:
Their tables were ſtor'd full, to glad the ſight,
And not ſo much to feed on as delight,
All pouerty was ſcornd, and pride ſo great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeate.

Dion. Oh tis true.

Cleon. But ſee what heauen can do by this our change:

Theſe mouthes, who but of late, earth, ſea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and pleaſe,
Although they gaue their creatures in abundance:
As houſes are defilde for want of vſe,
They are now ſtaru'd for want of exerciſe;
Thoſe pallats, who not yet to ſauers yonger,
Muſt haue inuentions to delight the taſte,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Theſe mothers, who to nouzell vp their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eate thoſe little darlings whom they loued,
So ſharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who firſt ſhall dye to lengthen life.
Here ſtands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
Heere many ſinke, yet thoſe which ſee them fall,
Haue ſcarſe ſtrength left to giue them buriall.
Is not this true?

Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eies do witneſſe it.

Cleon. O let thoſe Citties that of plenties cup,
And her proſperites ſo largely taſte,
With their ſuperfluous ryots heare theſe teares,
The miſery of *Tharſus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Gouernor?

Cleon. Here, ſpeake out thy ſorrowes, which thou bring'ſt in haſte, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.

Lord. We haue deſcried vpon our neighbouring ſhore,
A portly ſayle of ſhips make hitherward.

Cleon. I thought as much.
One ſorrow neuer comes but brings an heyre,
That may ſucceed as his inheritour:
And ſo in ours; ſome neighbouring Nation,
Taking aduantage of our miſery,
That ſtuft the hollow veſſels with their power,
To beate vs downe, the which are downe already,
And make a conqueſt of vnhappy me,
Whereas no glory is got to ouercome.

Lord. That's the leaſt feare.
For by the ſemblance of their white flags diſplaid, they bring vs
peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.
Cleon. Thou ſpeak'ſt like hymmes vntuter'd to repeat,
VVho makes the faireſt ſhew, meanes moſt deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
VVhat need we feare, the ground's the loweſt,
And we are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall we attend
him heere, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, &
what he craues.
Lord. I goe my Lord.
Cleon. VVelcome is peace, if he on peace conſiſt;
If warres, we are vnable to reſiſt.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gouernor, for ſo we heare you are,
Let not our ſhips and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fired, to amaze your eyes,
VVe haue heard your miſeries as farre as *Tyre*,
And ſeene the deſolation of your ſtreetes,
Nor come we to adde ſorrow to your teares,
But to releaſe them of their heauy load,
And theſe our ſhips you happily may thinke,
Are like the Troian horſe, was ſtuft within
VVith bloody veines expecting ouerthrow,
Are ſtor'd with corne, to make your needy bread,
And giue them life, whom hunger ſtaru'd halfe dead.
Omnes. The Gods of Greece protect you,
And wee'l pray for you.
Per. Ariſe I pray you, ariſe; we doe not looke for reuerence,
but for loue, and harborage for our ſelfe, our ſhips, and men.
Cleon. The which when any ſhall not gratifie,
Or pay you with vnthankfulneſſe in thought,
Be it our wiues, our children, or our ſelues,
The curſe of heauen and men ſucceed their euils:
Till when, the which (I hope) ſhall nere be ſeene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

Per.

Per. VVhich welcome wee'l accept, feaſt here a while,
Vntill our Stars that frowne, lend vs a ſmile. *Exeunt*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Here haue you ſeene a mighty King,
His childe Iwis to inceſt bring:
A better Prince and benigne Lord,
That will proue awfull both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men ſhould be,
Till he hath paſt neceſſity:
Ile ſhew you thoſe in troubles raigne,
Loſing a myte, a Mountaine gaine:
The good in conuerſation,
To whom I giue my benizon,
Is ſtill at Tharſus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he ſpoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But tydings to the contrary,
Are brought t'your eyes, what need ſpeake I.

Dumbe Shew,

Enter at one doore Pericles tal'king with Cleon, all the Traine with thē: Enter at another doore, a Gentleman with a letter to Pericles; Pericles ſhewes the letter to Cleon, Pericles giues the Meſſenger a reward, and Knights him.
Exit Pericles at one doore, and Cleon at another.

Good *Hellican* that ſtaid at home,
Not to eate hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he ſtriue
To killen bad, keepe good aliue:
And to fulfill his Princes deſire,
Sau'd one of all that haps in *Tyre*:
How *Thaliard* came full bent with ſinne,
And had intent to murder him;
And that in *Tharſis* was not beſt,
Longer for him to make his reſt:

He

He doing ſo, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's ſildome eaſe,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes ſuch vnquiet, that the ſhip
Should houſe him ſafe, is wrackt and ſplit,
And he (good Prince) hauing all loſt,
By waues, from coaſt is toſt:
All periſhen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought eſcapen'd but himſelfe;
Till fortune tired with doing bad,
Threw him a ſhore to giue him glad:
And heere he comes; what ſhall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet ceaſſe your ire, your angry Stars of heauen,
Winde, Raine, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a ſubſtance that muſt yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.
Alaſſe, the Seas hath caſt me on the Rockes,
Waſht me from ſhore to ſhore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffice the greatneſſe of your powers,
To haue bereft a Prince of all his fortunes,
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Here to haue death in peace, is all hee'l craue.

Enter three Fiſhermen.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I ſay.
3. What ſay you, Maſter?
1. Looke how thou ſtirreſt now.
Come away, or ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Maſter, I am thinking of the poore men
That were caſt away before vs, euen now.

1. Alaſſe,

1. Alaſſe poore ſoules, it greeued my heart to heare
What pittifull cryes they made to vs, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could ſcarſely helpe our ſelues.
3. Nay Maſter, ſaid not I as much,
When I ſaw the Porpas, how he bounſt and tumbled?
They ſay, they are halfe fiſh, halfe fleſh:
A plague on them, they nere come but I look to be waſht.
Maſter, I maruell how the fiſhes liue in the Sea?
1. Why as men do a Land,
The great ones eate vp the little ones:
I can compare our rich Miſers, to nothing ſo fitly
As to a Whale; he plaies and tumbles,
Driuing the poore Fry before him,
And at laſt deuoure them all at a mouthfull.
Such Whales haue I heard on a'th land,
Who neuer leaue gaping, till they ſwallowed
The whole Pariſh, Church, Steeple, Bels and all.
Per. A pretty Morall.
3. But Maſter, if I had beene the Sexton,
I would haue bene that day in the Belfrey.
2. Why man?
3. Becauſe he ſhould haue ſwallowed me too,
And when I had beene in his belly,
I would haue kept ſuch a iangling of the bels,
That he ſhould neuer haue left,
Till he caſt Bels, Steeple, Church and Pariſh vp againe:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde,
Per. Simonides?
3. We would purge the Land of theſe Drones,
That rob the Bee of her honny.
Per. How from the fenny ſubiect of the ſea,
Theſe fiſhers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watry Empire recollect,
All that may men approue, or men detect,
Peace be at your labour, honeſt fiſhermen.
2. Honeſt, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

Per. May see the sea hath cast vpon your coast.

2. What a drunken knaue was the sea,
To cast thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the winde,
In that vaste Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreates you pitty him:
He askes of you, that neuer vsde to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg?
Heeres them in our Country of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, then we can do with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

Per. I neuer practiz'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starue sure; for heere's nothing to be got now-adaies, vnlesse thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I haue bene, I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throngd vp with cold, my veines are chill,
And haue no more of life, then may suffice
To giue my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1. Die ke-tha, now gods forbid, I haue a gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore me a handsome fellow: Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'l haue flesh for all day, fish for fasting dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-iacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you sir.

2. Harke you, my friend, You said you could not beg.

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue? then ile turne crauer too,
And so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were whipt, I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle. But Master, Ile go draw the Net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hearke you sir, do you know where ye are?

Per.

Per. Not well.

1. I tell you, this is called *Pantapoles*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good King *Symonides*, do you call him?

1. I sir, and he deserues so to be call'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernment.

Per. He is a happy King, since he gaines from
His Subiects, the name of good, by his gouernment.
How farre is his Court distant from this shore?

1. Marry sir, halfe a daies iourney: and Ile tell you, hee hath a faire daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day, and there are Princes and Knights come from all parts of the world, to Iust & Turney for her loue.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

1. O sir, things must be as they may: and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deale for his wiues soule.

Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing vp a Net.

2. Helpe, Master, helpe, heere's a fish hangs in the Net, like a poore mans right in the law, twill hardly come out. Ha bots on't, tis come at last, and tis turnd to a rusty Armour.

Per. An Armour, friends, I pray you let me see it.
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all crosses,
Thou giuest me somewhat to repaire my selfe:
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeathe me,
With this strict charge, euen as he left his life:
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath beene a shield
Twixt me and death; and pointed to this Brayse:
For that it saued me; keepe it in like necessity:
The which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I so dearely loued it,
Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd hath giuen't againe:
I thanke thee for't, my shipwrack now's no ill,
Since I haue here my fathers gift in's will.

1. What meane you ſir?

Per. To beg of you (kinde friends) this coate of worth,
For it was ſometime Target to a King,
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,
And for his ſake, I wiſh the hauing of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraigns Court,
Where with it I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that euer my low fortune's better,
Ile pay your bounties; till then reſt your debter.

1. VVhy, wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. Ile ſhew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.

1. Why take it, and the gods giue thee good an't.

2. But hearke you my friend, t'was we that made vp this garment through the rough ſeames of the waters: there are certain condolements, certaine vailes; I hope ſir, if you thriue, you'l remember from whence you had them.

Per. Beleeue it I will:
By your furtherance I am cloathd in Steele,
And ſpight of all the rupture of the ſea,
This Iewell holds his building on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my ſelfe.
Vpon a Courſer, whoſe delight ſteps,
Shall make the gazer ioy to ſee him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a payre of Baſes.

2. Wee'l ſure prouide, thou ſhalt haue
My beſt gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my ſelfe.

Per. Then honour be but a Goale to my will,
This day Ile riſe, or elſe adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonides with attendants, and Thaiſa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?

1. *Lord.* They are my Liege, and ſtay your comming,
To preſent themſelues.

King. Returne them, we are ready, and our daughter heere,
In honour of whoſe birth, theſe triumphs are,
Sits here like beauties childe, whom Nature gat,

For men to ſee, and ſeeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleaſeth you (my royall father) to expreſſe
My commendations great, whoſe merits leſſe.

King. It's fit it ſhould be ſo; for Princes are
A modell which heauen makes like it ſelfe:
As Iewels loſe their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes, if not reſpected:
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.

Thai. Which to preſerue mine honour, Ile performe.

The firſt Knight paſſes by.

King. VVho is the firſt, that doth preferre himſelfe?

Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his ſhield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne;
The word; *Lux tua vita mihi.*

King. He loues you well, that holds his life of you.

The ſecond Knight.

VVho is the ſecond, that preſents himſelfe?

Tha. A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall Father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is an armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady.
The Motto thus in Spaniſh. *Pue Per dolcera kee per forſa.*

The third Knight.

King. And what's the third?

Thal. The third of *Antioch*; and his deuice,
A wreathe of Chiualry: the word, *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

The fourth Knight.

King. VVhat is the fourth?

Thai. A burning Torch that's turned vpſide downe;
The word; *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

King. VVhich ſhewes that beauty hath his power and will,
VVhich can as well enflame, as it can kill.

The fift Knight.

Thal. The fift, an hand enuironed with clouds,
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-ſtone tride:

The Motto thus: *Sic ſpectanda fides.*

The ſixt Knight.

King. And what's the ſixt and laſt, the which the Knight himſelfe with ſuch a gracefull courteſie deliuered?

Thai. He ſeemes to be a ſtranger: but his Preſent is
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top;
The Motto, *In hac ſpe viuo.*

King. A pretty morrall; from the deiected ſtate wherein hee is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flouriſh.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better then his outward ſhew can any way ſpeake in his iuſt commend: For by his ruſty out-ſide, he appeares to haue practiſed more the Whipſtocke, then the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a ſtranger, for he comes to an honord triumph ſtrangely furniſht.

3. *Lord.* And on ſet purpoſe let his armour ruſt
Vntill this day, to ſcowre it in the duſt.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs ſcan
The outward habite, by the inward man.
But ſtay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great ſhoutes, and all cry, The meane Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to ſay you'r welcome, were ſuperfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes;
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in ſhew commends it ſelfe:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feaſt.
You are Princes, and my gueſts.

Thai. But you my Knight and gueſt,
To whom this wreathe of victory I giue,
And crowne you King of this daies happineſſe.

Per. Tis more by fortune (Lady) then by merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And heere, I hope, is none that enuies it:

In

In framing an Artiſt, Art hath thus decreed,
To make ſome good, but others to exceed,
And you her laboured ſcholler: come Queene of th'feaſt,
For (daughter) ſo you are, here take your place:
Martiall the reſt, as they deſerue their grace.

Knights VVe are honoured much by good *Symonides.*

King. Your preſence glads our daies, honour we loue,
For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.

Marſh. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not ſir, for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Enuie the great, nor do the low deſpiſe.

You are right courteous Knights.

King. Sit, ſit, ſit.
By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
Theſe Cates reſiſt me, he not thought vpon.

Thai. By *Iuno* (that is Queene of Marriage)
All Viands that I eate do ſeeme vnſauory,
Wiſhing him my meate: ſure hee's a gallant gentleman.

King. Hee's but a country gentleman: has done no more
Then other Knights haue done, has broken a ſtaffe,
Or ſo; let it paſſe.

Thai. To me he ſeemes Diamond to Glaſſe.

Per. Yon King's to me, like to my fathers picture,
VVhich tels me in that glory once he was,
And Princes ſat like ſtars about his Throne,
And he the Sunne, for them to reuerence;
None that beheld him, but like leſſer lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his ſupremacy;
VVhere now his ſonne like a Glo-worme in the night,
The which hath fire in darkneſſe, none in light:
VVhereby I ſee that time's the King of men,
For hee's their Parents, and he is their graue,
And giues them what he will, not what they craue.

King. VVhat, are you merry, Knights?

Knights. VVho can be other in this royall preſence?

King.

King. Heere, with a cup that's stur'd vnto the brim,
As you do loue, fill to your Mistresse lips,
VVe drinke this health to you.
Knights. VVe thanke your Grace.
King. Yet pause a while; yon Knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our Court,
Had not a shew might counteruaile his worth:
Note it not you, *Thaisa*?
Thai. VVhat is't to me my father?
King. O, attend my daughter,
Princes in this, should liue like Gods aboue,
VVho freely giue to euery one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
VVhich make a sound, but kild, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his enterance more sweet,
Heere, say we drinke this standing boule of wine to him.
Thai. Alasse my father, it befits not me,
Vnto a stranger Knight to be so bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens gifts for impudence.
King. How? do as I bid you, or you'l moue me else.
Thai. Now by the Gods, he could not please me better.
King. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and Parentage.
Thai. The King my father (sir) hath drunke to you.
Per. I thanke him.
Thai. VVishing it so much blood vnto your life.
Per. I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further, he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A gentleman of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education beene in Artes and Armes.
VVho looking for aduentures in the world,
VVas by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after ship-wracke, driuen vpon this shore,
Thai. He thankes your Grace; names himselfe *Pericles*,
A gentleman of *Tyre*, who onely by misfortune of the seas,

Bereft

Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore.
King. Now by the Gods, I pitty his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which lookes for other reuels.
Euen in your armours as you are addrest,
Will well become a Souldiers dance:
I will not haue excuse, with saying that
Lowd musicke is too harsh for Ladies heads,
Since they loue men in Armes, as well as beds.

They dance.

So, this was well asked, t'was so well performde,
Come sir, heere's a Lady that wants breathing too:
And I haue heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.
Per. In those that practise them, they are (my Lord.)
King. Oh that's as much, as you would be denied
Of your faire courtesie: vnclaspe, vnclaspe.

They dance.

Thankes gentlemen to all; all haue done well,
But you the best: Pages and Lights, to conduct
These Knights vnto their seuerall Lodgings:
Yours sir, we haue giuen order be next our owne.
Per. I am at your Graces pleasure.
King. Princes, it is too late to talke of loue,
And that's the marke I know you leuell at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest,
To morrow, all for speeding do their best.

Enter Hellicanus and Escanes.

Hell. No *Escanes*, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest liued not free:
For which, the most high Gods not minding
Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
They had in store, due to this haynous
Capitall offence; euen in the height and pride

Of all his glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heauen came and shriueld
Vp those bodies euen to loathing, for they so stunke,
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand should giue them buriall.

Escanes. It was very strange.

Hell. And yet but iustice; for though this King were great,
His greatnesse was no guard to barre heauens shaft.
By sinne had his reward.

Escan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in priuate conference,
Or counsell, hath respect with him but he.

2. *Lord.* It shall no longer greeue without reproofe.

3. *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.

Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day my Lords.

1. *Lord.* Know that our griefes are risen to the top,
And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.

Hell. Your griefes, for what?
Wrong not your Prince you loue.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince do liue, let vs salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he liue, wee'l seeke him out:
If in his graue he rest, wee'l finde him there,
And be resolu'd, he liues to gouerne vs:
Or dead, giue's cause to mourne his Funerall,
And leaue vs to our free Election.

2. *Lord.* Whose death indeed, the strongest in our censure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble selfe,
That best knowes how to rule and how to raigne,
We thus submit vnto our Soueraigne.

Omnes.

Omnes. Liue noble *Hellican.*

Hell. Try honours cause; forbeare your suffrages:
If that you loue Prince *Pericles*, forbeare,
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,
Where's howrely trouble, for a minutes ease)
A twelue-month longer, let me entreate you
To forbeare the absence of your King;
If in which time expirde, he not returne,
I shall with aged patience beare your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this loue,
Goe search like Nobles, like noble Subiects,
And in your search, spend your aduenturous worth,
Whom if you finde, and winne vnto returne,
You shall like Diamonds fit about his Crowne.

1. *Lord.* To wisedome, hee's a foole that will not yeeld,
And since Lord *Hellican* enioyneth vs,
We with our trauels will endeauor.

Hell. Then you loue vs, we you, and wee'l claspe hands,
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome euer stands.

Exit.

Enter the King reading of a Letter, at one doore, and the Knights meete him.

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides.*

King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelue-month, shee'l not vndertake
A married life: her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,
Which from her by no meanes can I get.

2. *Knight.* May we not get accesse to her (my Lord)

King. Faith by no meanes, she hath so strictly
Tyed her to her Chamber, that tis impossible:
One twelue Moones more shee'l weare *Dianas* liuery:
This by the eye of *Cinthia* hath she vowed,
And on her Virgin honour will not breake.

3. *Knight.* Loth to bid farwell, we take our leaues. *Exit.*

King. So, they are well dispatcht,
Now to my daughters Letter; she tels me heere,
Shee'l wed the stranger Knight,

Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
Tis well Mistris, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well: nay how absolute shee's in it,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyse, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides*
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musicke this last night:
I do protest, my eares were neuer better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
King. Sir, you are Musicks master.
Per. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord)
King. Let me aske you one thing.
What do you thinke of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most vertuous Princesse.
King. And shee's faire too, is she not?
Per. As a faire day in Summer: wondrous faire.
King. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Master,
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.
Per. I am vnworthy to be her schoole-master.
King. She thinkes not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. What's heere, a letter, that she loues the Knight of *Tyre*?
Tis the Kings subtilty to haue my life:
Oh seeke not to intrap me, gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That neuer aimde so hie, to loue your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
King. Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.
Per. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought

Of mine leuy offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your displeasure.
King. Traitor, thou lyest.
Per. Traitor?
King. I, traitor.
Per. Euen in his throate, vnlesse it be a King,
That cals me traitor, I returne the lye.
King. Now by the Gods I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer relisht of a base discent:
I came vnto your Court for honours cause,
And not to be a Rebell to her state:
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prooue, hee's honours enemie.
King. No? here comes my daughter, she can witnesse it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Resolue your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere solicite, or my hand subscribe
To any sillable that made loue to you?
Thai. Why sir, if you had, who takes offence,
At that would make me glad?
King. Yea mistris, are you so peremptoy?
I am glad of it with all my heart, *Aside.*
Ile tame you, Ile bring you in subiection.
Will you, not hauing my consent,
Bestow your loue and your affections,
Vpon a stranger? who for ought I know, *Aside.*
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)
As great in blood as I my selfe.
Therefore heare you mistresse, eyther frame
Your will to mine; and you sir, heare you,
Either be rul'd by me, or Ile make you———
Man and wife; nay, come your hands
And lips must seale it too: and being ioynd,

Ile thus your hopes deſtroy, and for further griefe,
God giue you ioy; what, are you both pleaſed?
Thai. Yes, if you loue me ſir.
Per. Euen as my life, or blood that foſters it.
King. What, are you both agreed?
Amb. Yes, if it pleaſe your Maieſty.
King. It pleaſeth me ſo well, that I will ſee you wed,
And then with what haſte you can, get you to bed.

Enter Gower.

Now ſleepe ſlaked hath the rout,
No din but ſnores about the houſe,
Made lowder by the ore-fe beaſt,
Of this moſt pompous marriage feaſt:
The Cat with eyne of burning coale,
Now coutches from the Mouſes hole;
And Cricket ſing at the Ouens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the loſſe of mayden-head,
A babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is ſo briefly ſpent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in ſhew, Ile plaine with ſpeech.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one doore with attendants, a meſſenger meetes them, kneeles, and giues Pericles a letter, Pericles ſhewes it Symonides, the Lords kneele to him; then enter Thayſa with childe, with Lychorida a Nurſe, the King ſhewes her the Letter, ſhe reioyces: ſhe and Pericles take leaue of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painfull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull ſearch,
By the foure oppoſing Crignes,
Which the world together ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horſe and ſaile, and high expence,
Can ſteed the queſt at laſt from *Tyre*,

Fame

Fame anſwering the moſt ſtrange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are letters brought, the tenour theſe:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Hellicanus* would ſet on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:
The mutany, he there haſtes t'oppreſſe,
Sayes to them, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice ſix Moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the ſum of this
Brought hither to *Penlapolis*,
Irony ſhed the Regions round,
And euery one with claps can ſound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreampt? who thought of ſuch a thing?
Briefe, he muſt hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with childe, makes her deſire,
VVhich who ſhall croſſe along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida her Nurſe ſhe takes,
And ſo to ſea; then veſſell ſhakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune moou'd
Varies againe, the griſlee North
Diſgorges ſuch a tempeſt forth,
That as a Ducke for life that driues,
So vp and downe the poore ſhip diues:
The Lady ſhreekes, and well-a-neere,
Doth fall in trauaile with her feare:
And what enſues in this ſelfe ſtorme,
Shall for it ſelfe, it ſelfe performe:
I nill relate, action may
Conueniently the reſt conuay;
VVhich might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold:

This.

This Stage, the Ship, vpon whoſe Decke,
The Seas toſt *Pericles*, appeares to ſpeake.

Enter Pericles on Shipboord.

Per. The God of this great vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges
Which waſh both heauen and hell, and thou that haſt
Vpon the windes command, binde them in Braſſe,
Hauing cald them from the deepe, O ſtill
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble ſulpherous flaſhes: O how *Lichorida*?
How does my Queene? then ſtorme venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpeat all thy ſelfe? the Seamans whiſtle
Is a whiſper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lichorida*? *Lucina*, oh!
Diuineſt patroneſſe, and my wife, gentle
To thoſe that cry by night, conuey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make ſwift the pangs
Of my Queenes trauailes. Now *Lichorida*.

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heere is a thing too young for ſuch a place,
Who if it had conceit, would dye, as I am like to do:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.
Per. How? how *Lychorida*?
Lychor. Patience good ſir, do not aſſiſt the ſtorme;
Heere's all that is left liuing of your Queene;
A little Daughter, for the ſake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you Gods!
Why do you make vs loue your goodly gifts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away?
We heere below, recall not what we giue,
And therein may vſe honour with you.
Lychor. Patience good ſir, euen for this charge.
Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a more bluſterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions;
For thou art the rudelieſt welcome to this world,

That

That euer was Princes childe: happy what followes,
Thou haſt as chiding a Natiuity,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To harold thee from the wombe:
Euen at the firſt, thy loſſe is more then can
Thy portage quite, with all thou canſt finde heere:
Now the good Gods throw their beſt eyes vpon it.

Enter two Saylers.

1. *Sayl.* What courage ſir? God ſaue you.
Per. Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worſt: yet for the loue
Of this poore infant, this freſh new ſea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
1. *Sayl.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow and ſplit thy ſelfe.
2. *Sayl.* But ſea-roome, and the brine and clowdy billow
kiſſe the Moone, I care not.
1. *Sayl.* Sir, your Queene muſt ouer board,
The ſea workes hie, the winde is lowd,
And will not lye till the ſhip be cleared of the dead.
Per. That's your ſuperſtition.
1. Pardon vs ſir; with vs at Sea it hath bin ſtill obſerued,
And we are ſtrong in eaſterne, therefore briefly yeeld her.
Per. As you thinke meete, for ſhe muſt ore board ſtraight,
Moſt wretched Queene.
Lychor. Heere ſhe lies ſir.
Per. A terrible child-bed haſt thou had (my deare)
No light, no fire, the vnfriendly Elements
Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue I time
To bring thee hallowd to thy graue, but ſtraight
Muſt caſt thee ſcarſely coffind, in oare,
Where for a Monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remaining lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming water muſt ore-whelme thy corpes,
Lying with ſimple ſhels: Oh *Lychorida*,
Bid *Neſtor* bring me Spices, Incke and Paper,
My Casket and my Iewels, and bid *Nicander*

Bring

Bring me the Sattin Coffin; lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A prieſtly farwell to her: ſodainely, woman.
2. Sir, we haue a Cheſt beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
Per. I thanke thee: Mariner ſay, what Coaſt is this?
2. We are neere *Tharſus*.
Per. Thither gentle Marriner,
Alter thy courſe for *Tyre*: when canſt thou reach it?
2. By breake of day, if the winde ceaſe.
Per. O make for *Tharſus*,
There will I viſite *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nurſing: goe the wayes good Marriner,
Ile bring the body preſently. *Exit.*

Enter Lord Cerymon with a ſeruant.

Cer. *Phylemon*, hoe.

Enter Phylemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meate for theſe poore men,
It hath beene a turbulent and ſtormy night.
Ser. I haue beene in many; but ſuch a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.
Cer. Your Maſter will be dead ere you returne,
There's nothing can be miniſtred to nature,
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordſhip.
Cer. Gentlemen, why do you ſtirre ſo earely?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings ſtanding bleake vpon the ſea,
Shooke as if the earth did quake:
The very principles did ſeeme to rend and all to topple,
Pure ſurprize and feare, made me to leaue the houſe.

2. *Gent.* That is the cauſe we trouble you ſo early,
Tis not our husbandry.
Cer. O you ſay well.
1. *Gent.* But I much maruaile that your Lordſhip
Hauing rich attire about you, ſhould at theſe early houres
Shake off the golden ſlumber of repoſe; tis moſt ſtrange,
Nature ſhould be ſo conuerſant with paine,
Being thereto not compelled.
Cer. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning.
Were endowments greater, then Nobleneſſe and Riches,
Careleſſe heyres may the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a God:
Tis knowne, I euer haue ſtudied Phyſicke,
Through which ſecret Art, by turning ore Authority,
I haue together with my practiſe, made familiar
To me and to my aide, the beſt infuſions that dwels
In Vegitiues, in Mettals, Stones: and can ſpeake of the
Diſturbances that Nature works, and of her cures;
Which doth giue me a more content in courſe of true delight
Then to be thirſty after tottering Honour,
Or tye my pleaſure vp in ſilken Bags,
To pleaſe the Foole and Death.
2. *Gent.* Your honour hath through *Epheſus*,
Poured foorth your charity, and hundreds call themſelues
Your Creatures; who by you haue beene reſtored,
And not your knowledge, your perſonall paine,
But euen your purſe ſtill open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*
Such ſtrong renowne, as neuer ſhall decay.

Enter two or three with a Cheſt.

Ser. So, lift there.
Cer. What's that?
Ser. Sir, euen now did the ſea toſſe vp vpon our ſhore
This Cheſt; tis of ſome wracke.
Cer. Set it downe, let vs looke vpon it.
2. *Gent.* Tis like a Coffin, ſir.

Cer. What ere it be, tis wondrous heauy;
Wrench it open straight:
If the seas stomacke be ore-charg'd with gold,
Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2. *Gent.* Tis so, my Lord.

Cer. How close tis caulkt and bottomd, did the sea cast it vp?

Ser. I neuer saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it vpon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open; it smels most sweetly in my sence.

2. *Gent.* A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my nostrill: so, vp with it.
Oh you most potent Gods! what's heere, a Coarse?

2. *Gen.* Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in cloth of state, balmd and entreasured
With full bags of spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*,
Perfect me in the Characters.

Heere I giue to vnderstand,
If ere this Coffin driue a land;
I King Pericles haue lost
This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost:
Who finds her, giue her burying,
She was the daughter of a King.
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The Gods requite his charitie.

If thou liuest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart
That euen crackes for woe this chanc'd to night.

2. *Gent.* Most likely sir.

Cer. Nay certainly to night, for looke how fresh she lookes,
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.
Make a fire within, fetch hether all my boxes in my Closet,
Death may vsurpe on Nature many houres,
And yet the fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits.
I heard of an Egyptian that had nine houres bene dead,
Who was by good appliance recouered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well said, well said, the fire and cloathes,

The rough and wofull musicke that we haue,
Cause it to sound I beseech you:
The Viall once more; how thou stirrest thou blocke?
The musicke there: I pray you giue her ayre;
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
Nature awakes a warme breath out of her;
She hath not bene entranc'st aboue fiue houres,
See how she gins to blow into lifes flower againe.

1. *Gen.* The heauens through you, encrease our wonder,
And sets vp your fame for euer.

Cer. She is aliue, behold her eye-lids,
Cases to those heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a most praised water doth appeare,
To make the world twice rich, liue, and make vs weepe,
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to be.

She moues.

Thai. O deare *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?
What world is this?

2. *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1. *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush (my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,
To the next chamber beare her, get linnen;
Now this matter must be lookt too, for the relapse
Is mortall: come, come, and *Esculapius* guide vs.

They carrie her away. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Pericles at Tharsus, with Cleon and Dionizia.

Per. Most honourd *Cleon*, I must needs be gone,
My twelue months are expirde, and *Tyre* stands
In a peace: you and your Lady take from my heart
All thankfulnesse, The Gods make vp the rest vpon you.

Cleon. Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you
Mortally, yet glance full wondringly on vs.

Dion. O your sweete Queene! that the strict fates had pleased
You had brought her hither to haue blest mine eies with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the powers aboue vs;

Could I rage and rore as doth the ſea ſhe lies in,
Yet the end muſt be as tis: my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom (for ſhe was borne at Sea) I haue named ſo,
Heere, I charge your charity withall; leauing her
The infant of your care, beſeeching you to giue her
Princely training, that ſhe may be mannerd as ſhe is borne.

Cleon. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corne; for which,
The peoples prayers daily fall vpon you, muſt in your childe
Be thought on, if neglect ſhould therein make me vile,
The common body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my duty: but if to that,
My nature need a ſpurre, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the ende of generarion.

Per. I beleeue you, your honour and your goodneſſe,
Teach me toot without your vowes, till ſhe be married,
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vnſiſterd ſhall this heyre of mine remaine,
Though I ſhew will in't; ſo I take my leaue:
Good Madame, make me bleſſed, in your care
In bringing vp my childe.

Dion. I haue one my ſelfe, who ſhall not be more deere to my reſpect then yours, my Lord.

Per. Madame, my thanks and prayers.

Cleon. Wee'l bring your Grace to the edge of the ſhore, then giue you vp to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentleſt windes of heauen.

Per. I will embrace your offer, come deereſt Madame,
O no teares *Lychorida*, no teares, looke to your little Miſtris, on whoſe grace you may depend heereafter: come my Lord.

Enter Cerymon and Thayſa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and ſome certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command:
Know you the Character?

Thai. It is my Lords, that I was ſhipt at ſea, I well remember,
euen on my learning time: but whether there deliuered, by the holy

holy Gods, I cannot rightly ſay: but ſince King *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I nere ſhall ſee againe, a vaſtall liuery will I take me to, and neuer more haue ioy.

Cler. Madame, if this you purpoſe as ye ſpeake,
Dianaes Temple is not diſtant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreouer if you pleaſe, a Neece of mine,
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift ſmall. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and ſetled to his owne deſire;
His wofull Queene we leaue at *Epheſus*,
Vnto *Diana* there's a Votariſſe.
Now to *Marina* bend your minde,
Whom our faſt growing ſcene muſt finde
At *Tharſus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In muſickes letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the grace
Which makes hie both the art and place
Of generall wonder: but alacke
That monſter Enuy oft the wracke
Of earned praiſe, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treaſons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen ripe for marriage ſight: this Maid
Hight *Philoten*: and it is ſaid
For certaine in our ſtory, ſhe
Would euer with *Marina* be,
Beet when they weaude the ſleded ſilke,
VVith fingers long, ſmall, white as milke,
Or when ſhe would with ſharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which ſhe made more ſound
By hurting it, or when too'th Lute
She ſung, and made the night bed mute,

That

That ſtill records within one, or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen,
Vaile to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With abſolute *Marina*: ſo
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praiſes, which are paide as debts,
And not as giuen, this ſo darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with enuy rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might ſtand peereleſſe by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our Nurſe is dead,
And curſed *Dionizia* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the vnborne euent,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poſte on the lame feete of my rime,
Which neuer could I ſo conuay,
Vnleſſe your thoughts went on my way.
Dionizia doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murderer. *Exit.*

Enter Dionizia and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to do it, tis but a blow, which neuer ſhall be knowne, thou canſt not do a thing in the world ſo ſoone, to yeeld thee ſo much profite, let not conſcience which is but cold, inflaming thy loue boſome, enflame too nicely; nor let pitty, which euen women haue caſt off, melt thee, but be a ſoldiour to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods ſhould haue her,
Heere ſhe comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death,

Thou

Thou art reſolu'd?

Leon. I am reſolu'd.

Enter Marina with a basket of Flowers.

Mar. No: I will robbe *Tellus* of her weede, to ſtrew thy greene with Flowers: the yellowes, blewes, the purple Violets and Marigolds, ſhall as a Carpet hang vppon thy graue, while Summer dayes doth laſt. Aye me poore maide, borne in a tempeſt, when my mother dyde: this world to mee is like a laſting ſtorme, hurrying me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina*? why de'ye weepe alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Doe not conſume your blood with ſorrowing,
You haue a nurſe of me. Lord how your fauour's
Chang'd, with this vnprofitable woe:
Come giue me your flowers, ere the ſea marre it,
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,
And it pierces and ſharpens the ſtomacke;
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mar. No I pray you, Ile not bereaue you of your ſeruant.

Dion. Come, come, I loue the King your father, and your ſelfe, with more then forraine heart; we euery day expect him heere, when he ſhall come and finde our Paragon, to all reports thus blaſted. He will repent the breadth of his great Voyage, blame both my Lord and mee, that wee haue taken no care to your beſt courſes. Go I pray you, walke and be chearfull once againe; reſerue that excellent complexion, which did ſteale the eyes of yong and old,
Care not for me, I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go, but yet I haue no deſire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you:
Walke halfe an houre *Leonine*, at the leaſt.
Remember what I haue ſaide.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my ſweet Lady, for a while: pray walke ſoftly, doe not heate your blood; What, I muſt haue a care of you.

Mar. My thanks ſweet Madame. Is the winde Weſterly that blowes?

Leon. South-weſt.

Mar. When I was borne, the winde was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mar, My father, as Nurſe ſaith, did neuer feare, but cryed good ſea-men to the ſaylers, galling his Kingly hands hailing ropes, and claſping to the Maſt, endured a ſea that almoſt burſt the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, neuer was waues, nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, waſhes off a canuas clymer, ha, ſaith one, wilt out? and with a dropping induſtry they skip from ſterne to ſterne: the Boat-ſwaine whiſtles, and the Maſter calles and trebles their confuſion.

Leon. Come, ſay your prayers.

Mar. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for prayer, I grant it, pray, but be not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am ſworne to do my worke with haſte.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To ſatisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would ſhe haue me kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer ſpake bad word, nor did ill turne to any liuing creature: beleeue me now, I neuer kild a Mouſe, nor hurt a Flie: I trod vpon a worme once againſt my will, but I wept for it. How haue I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her any profite, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commiſſion is not to reaſon of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world, I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes fore-ſhew you haue a very gentle heart, I ſaw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good-ſooth it ſhewd well in you, do ſo now, your Lady ſeekes my life, come you betweene, and ſaue poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworne, and will diſpatch.

Enter

Enter Pirates.

Pirat 1. Hold villaine.

Pirat. 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue her aboard ſodainly. *Exit.*

Enter Leonine.

Leon. Theſe roguing theeues ſerue the great Pyrate *Valdes*, and they haue ſeized *Marina*, let her goe, there's no hope ſhee will returne: Ile ſweare ſhee's dead, and throwne into the ſea, but Ile ſee further, perhaps they will but pleaſe themſelues vpon her, not carry her aboard, if ſhe remaine,
Whom they haue rauiſht, muſt by me be ſlaine. *Exit*

Enter the three Bauds.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, we loſt too much money this mart, by being too wenchleſſe.

Baud. We were neuer ſo much out of creatures, we haue but poore three, and they can do no more then they can do, & they with continuall action, are euen as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets haue freſh ones what ere wee pay for them, if there be not a conſcience to be vſde in euery trade, wee ſhall neuer proſper.

Baud. Thou ſaiſt true, tis not our bringing vp of poore baſtards, as I thinke, I haue brought ſome eleuen.

Boult. I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe,
But ſhall I ſearch the market?

Baud. What elſe man? the ſtuffe we haue, a ſtrong winde will blow it to peeces, they are ſo pittifully ſodden.

Pander. Thou ſaiſt true, there's two vnwholeſome in conſcience, the poore *Tranſiluanian* is dead that lay with the little baggedge.

Boult. I, ſhe quickly poupt him, ſhee made him roaſt-meate

for wormes, but Ile go ſearch the market. *Exit.*

Pand. Three or foure thouſand Chickeens were as pretty a proportion to liue quietly, and ſo giue ouer.

Bawd. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could picke vp ſome pretty eſtate, t'were not amiſſe to keepe our doore hatch'd; beſides, the ſore termes wee ſtand vpon with the gods, will be ſtrong with vs for giuing ore.

Bawd. Come, other ſorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As wel as we, I, and better too, we offend worſe, neither is our profeſſion any Trade, it's no calling: but here comes *Boult.*

Enter Boult with the Pirates, and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my maſters, you ſay ſhee's a virgin?

Sayl. O ſir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Maſter, I haue gone through for this peece you ſee, If you like her, ſo; if not, I haue loſt my earneſt.

Bawd. Boult, ha's ſhe any qualities?

Boult, Shee ha's a good face, ſpeakes well, and ha's excellent good cloathes: ther's no farther neceſſity of qualities can make her be refuſd.

Bawd. What's her price, *Boult*?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thouſand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my maſters, you ſhal haue your money preſently: wife, take her in, inſtruct her what ſhe has to do that ſhe may not be raw in her entertainment.

Baud. Boult, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry; He that will giue moſt, ſhal haue her firſt. Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they haue bene: Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance ſhall follow. *Exit.*

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was ſo ſlacke, ſo ſlow:
He ſhould haue ſtrucke, not ſpoke;

Or

Or that theſe Pirates, not enough barbarous,
Had not ore-boord throwne me, for to ſeeke my mother.

Baud. Why weepe you pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Baud. Come, the gods haue done their part in you.

Mar. I accuſe them not.

Baud. You are light into my hands,
Where you are like to liue.

Mar. The more my fault, to ſcape his hands,
Where I was like to dye.

Baud. I, and you ſhall liue in pleaſure.

Mar. No.

Baud. Yes indeede ſhall you, and taſte Gentlemen of all faſhions. You ſhall fare well; you ſhall haue the difference of all complexions: what, de'ye ſtop your eares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Baud. What would you haue me to bee, if I bee not a woman?

Mar. An honeſt woman, or not a woman.

Baud. Marry whip thee Goſling: I thinke I ſhall ſomething to do with you. Come, y'are a yong fooliſh ſapling, and muſt be bowed as I would haue ye.

Mar. The gods defend me.

Baud. If it pleaſe the gods to defend you by men, then men muſt comfort you, men muſt feede you, men muſt ſtir you vp: *Boults* return'd.

Enter Boult.

Now ſir, haſt thou cride her through the Market?

Boult. I haue cride her almoſt to the number of her haires, I haue drawne her picture with my voice.

Baud. And prethee tell me, how doſt thou finde the inclination of the people, eſpecially of the yonger ſort?

Boult. Faith they liſtned to me, as they would haue hearkned to their fathers Teſtament. There was a Spaniardes mouth ſo watered, that he went to bed to her very deſcription.

Baud. Wee ſhall haue him heere to morrow with his beſt ruffe on.

Boult. To night, to night, but Mistresse, doe you know the French-Knight that cowres i'th hams?

Baud. VVho, *Mounsier Verollus*?

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a grone at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Baud. VVell, well, as for him he brought his disease hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the sunne.

Boult. VVell, if we had of euery Nation a traueller, we should lodge them with this signe.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, marke me, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, despise profite, where you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as you do, makes pitty in your louers sildome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mar. I vnderstand you not.

Boult. O take her home mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise.

Mari. Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith some do, and some do not, but Mistresse, if I haue bargaind for the ioynt,

Baud. Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Baud. VVho should deny it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boult, spend thou that in the Towne, report what a sojourner we haue, you'l lose nothing by custome. VVhen Nature framed this peece, she meant thee a good turne, therefore say what a parragon she is, & thou hast the harvest out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beauty, stirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home some to night.

Baud.

Baud. Come your waies, follow me.

Mari. If fiers be hot, kniues sharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I still my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana aide my purpose.

Baud. VVhat haue we to do with *Diana*? pray you goe with vs. *Exit.*

Enter Cleon and Dionizia.

Dion. VVhy are you foolish, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dionizia*, such a peece of slaughter,
The Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke you'l turne a childe againe.

Cleon. VVere I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, Ide giue it to vndo the deed. O Lady, much lesse in blood then vertue, yet a Princesse to equall any single Crowne of the earth, in the iustice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast poisoned too, if thou hadst drunke to him, it had beene a kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say, when Noble *Pericles* shall demand his childe?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates to foster it, nor euer to preserue, she dide at night, Ile say so, who can crosse it, vnlesse you play the Innocent, and for an honest attribute, cry out she dyde by foule play.

Cleon. O go too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heauens, the Gods do like this worst.

Dionizia. Be one of those that thinkes the pretty wrens of *Tharsus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shame to thinke of what a Noble straine you are, and of how coward a spirit.

Cleon. To such proceeding, who euer but his approbation added, though not his whole consent, he did not flow from honourable courses.

Dionizia. Be it so then, yet none doth know but you how she came dead, nor none can know *Leonine* being gone. Shee

did

did disdaine my childe, and stoode betweene her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilst ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my course vnnaturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindnesse, perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? wee wept after her hearse, and yet we mourne: her monument is almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden charracters, expres a generall praise to her, and care in vs, at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, dost with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth sweare to'th gods, that vvinter kils the flies,
But yet I know, you'l do as I aduise. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,
Saile seas in Cockels, haue and wish but fort:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, Region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To vse one Language, in each seuerall clime,
VVhere our scenes seeme to liue. I do beseech you
To learne of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.
The stages of our story *Pericles*,
Is now againe thwarting the wayward seas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To see his Daughter, all his liues delight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behinde,
Is left to gouerne it: you beare in minde
Old *Escenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduanc'd in time to great and high estate.

VVell

Well sayling ships, and bounteous windes haue brought
This King to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilate thought
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moats and shadowes, see them moue a while.
Your eares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile,

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his traine, Cleon and Dinozia at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the toombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sacke-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Gower. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle showe,
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe:
And *Pericles* sorrow all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showrd.
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imbarks, he sweares
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his haires,
He put on sackcloth and to sea he beares,
A tempest which his mortall vessell teares.
And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for *Marina*, writ by *Dionizia*.

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies heere,
Who withered in her spring of yeare:
She was of Tyrus the Kings Daughter,
On whom foule death hath made this slaughter:
Marina was she cald, and at her birth,
That is being proud, swallowed some part of th'earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
Hath Thet is birth-childe on the heauens bestowed.
Wherefore she does and sweares she'l neuer stint,
Make raging Battrie vpon shores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery:
Let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's dead,
And beare his courses to be ordered

By Lady *Fortune*, while our ſteare muſt play,
His daughter woe and heauy wel-aday.
In her vnholy ſeruice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Metaline*. *Exit.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you euer heare the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor neuer ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to haue diuinity preacht there, did you euer dream of ſuch a thing?

2. *Gent.* No, no, come, I am for no more bawdy houſes, ſhall we go heare the Veſtals ſing?

1. *Gent.* Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit.*

Enter the three Bauds.

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her, ſhe had nere come heere.

Baud. Fie, fie vpon her, ſhe is able to frieze the God *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we muſt eyther get her rauiſht, or be rid of her, when ſhe ſhould do for clyents her fitment, and do me the kindneſſe of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees, that ſhe would make a puritane of the diuell, if he ſhould cheapen a kiſſe of her.

Boult. Faith I muſt rauiſh her, or ſhee'l diſfurniſh vs of all our Caualeers, and make our ſwearers Prieſts.

Pand. Now the poxe vpon her greene ſickneſſe for me.

Baud. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the poxe. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguiſed.

Boul. We ſhould haue both Lord and Lowne, if the peeuiſh baggedge would but giue way to cuſtomers.

Enter Lyſimachus.

Lyſ. How now, how a dozen of virginities?

Baud. Now the Gods to bleſſe your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to ſee your honour in good health.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. You may ſo, tis the better for you, that your reſorters ſtand vpon ſound legs, how now? wholeſome impunity haue you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Surgeon?

Baud. We haue one heere ſir, if ſhe would——
But there neuer came her like in *Metaline*.

Lyſ. If ſhee'd do the deeds of darknes, thou wouldſt ſay.

Baud. Your honour knowes what tis to ſay well enough.

Lyſ. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For fleſh and blood ſir, white and red, you ſhall ſee a Roſe, and ſhe were a Roſe indeed, if ſhe had but——

Lyſ. What prethee?

Boult. O ſir, I can be modeſt.

Lyſ. That dignifies the renowne of a Baud, no leſſe then it giues a good report to a number to be chaſt.

Enter Marina.

Baud. Heere comes that which growes to the ſtalke,
Neuer pluckt yet I can aſſure you.
Is ſhe not a faire creature?

Lyſ. Faith ſhe would ſerue after a long voyage at ſea,
Well, there's for you, leaue vs.

Baud. I beſeech your honour giue me leaue a word,
And Ile haue done preſently.

Lyſ. I beſeech you do.

Baud. Firſt, I would haue you note, this is an honorable man.

Mar. I deſire to find him ſo, that I may worthily note him.

Baud. Next, hee's the Gouernor of this Country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he gouerne the Country, you are bound to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Baud. Pray you without any more virginall fencing, will you vſe him kindly? he will line your Apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciouſly, I will thankfully receiue.

Lyſ. Haue you done?

Baud. My Lord, ſhee's not pac'ſte yet, you muſt take ſome paines to worke her to your mannage, come, wee will leaue his Honour and her together.

Exit Baud.

Li. Now pritty one, how long haue you beene at this trade?

Mar. What trade Sir?

Li. Why, I cannot name but I ſhall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, pleaſe you to name it.

Li. How long haue you bene of this profeſſion?

Mar. Ere ſince I can remember.

Li. Did you go too't ſo young, were you a gameſter at fiue, or at ſeauen?

Mar. Earlier too ſir, if now I be one.

Li. Why the houſe you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of ſale.

Mar. Doe you know this houſe to be a place of ſuch reſort, and will come into it? I heare ſay you are of honourable parts, and the Gouernor of this place.

Li. Why, hath your Principall made knowne vnto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principall?

Li. Why your hearbe woman, ſhe that ſets ſeeds and rootes of ſhame and iniquity. O you haue heard ſome-thing of my power, and ſo ſtand aloft for more ſerious wooing, but I proteſt to thee, pretty one, my authority ſhall not ſee thee, or elſe look friendly vpon thee; come bring me to ſome priuate place, come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, ſhew it now, if put vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thought you worthy of it.

Li. How's this? how's this? ſome more, be ſage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though moſt vngentle Fortune haue plac'd mee in this Stie, where ſince I came, diſeaſes haue bene ſolde deerer then Phyſicke, O that the gods would ſet me free from this vnhallowd place, though they did change me to the meaneſt bird that flies i'th purer aire.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldſt haue ſpoke ſo well, I nere dreampt thou couldſt; had I brought hither a corrupted mind, thy ſpeech had altered it, hold, heere's gold for thee, perſeuer in that cleare way thou goeſt, and the gods ſtrengthen thee.

Mar.

Mar. The good Gods preſerue you.

Li. For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to me the verie doores and windowes ſauour vilely, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, and I doubt not but thy training hath bin Noble, hold, heere's more gold for thee, a curſe vpon him, dye hee like a theefe, that robs thee of thy goodneſſe, if thou doſt heare from me, it ſhall be for thy good.

Boult. I beſeech your honour, one peece for me.

Li. Auant thou damned doore-keeper, your houſe but for this virgin that doth prop it, would ſinke and ouer-whelme you. Away.

Boult. How's this? we muſt take another courſe with you? if your peeuiſh chaſtity, which is not worth a breake-faſt in the cheapeſt Country vnder the coape, ſhall vndoe a whole houſehold, let me be gelded like a ſpaniell, come your waies.

Mar. Whither would you haue me?

Boult. I muſt haue your mayden-head taken off, or the common hangman ſhall execute it, come your way, wee'l haue no more gentlemen driuen away, come your wayes I ſay.

Enter Bauds.

Baud. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worſe and worſe Miſtris, ſhe hath heere ſpoken holy words to the Lord *Lyſimachus.*

Baud. O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our profeſſion as it were to ſtinke before the face of the Gods.

Baud. Marry hang her vp for euer.

Boult. The Nobleman would haue dealt with her like a Nobleman, and ſhe ſent him away as colde as a Snow-ball, ſaying his prayers too.

Baud. Boult take her away, vſe her at thy pleaſure, cracke the glaſſe of her virginity, & make the reſt male-able.

Boult. And if ſhe were a thornier peece of ground then ſhee is, ſhe ſhall be ploughed.

Mar. Harke, harke, you Gods.

Baud. She coniures, away with her, would ſhe had neuer come

within my doores, Marry hang you, ſhee's borne to vndo vs, wil you not go the way of women-kinde? Marry come vp my diſh of chaſtity, with roſemary and bayſe. *Exit.*

Boult. Come miſtris, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou haue me?

Boult. To take from you the iewell you hold ſo deere.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing firſt.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canſt thou wiſh thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wiſh him to be my Maſter, or rather my Miſtris.

Mar. Neither of theſe are ſo bad as thou art, ſince they do better thee in their command; thou holdſt a place, for which the painedſt fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cuſherell that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholericke fiſting of euery rogue, thy eare is liable, thy food is ſuch as hath beene belcht on by infected lungs.

Bou. What would you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you, where a man may ſerue 7. yeares for the loſſe of a leg, and haue not mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doſt, empty olde receptacles, or common-ſhores of filth; ſerue by Indenture to the common hangman, any of theſe waies are yet better then this: for what thou profeſſeſt, a Baboone could hee ſpeake, would owne a name too deare: Oh, that the Gods would ſafely deliuer me from this place: heere, heere's gold for thee, if that thy Maſter would gaine by me, proclaime that I can ſing, weaue, ſowe, and dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep from boaſt, and will vndertake all theſe to teach. I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeeld many ſchollers.

Boult. But can you teach all this you ſpeake of?

Mar. Proue that I cannot, take me home againe, and proſtitute me to the baſeſt groome that doth frequent your houſe.

Boult. Well, I will ſee what I can do for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongſt honeſt women.

Boult.

Boult. Faith my acquaintaince lyes little among them; but ſince my maſter and miſtris hath bought you, there's no going but by their conſent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpoſe, and I doubt not but I ſhall finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what I can, come your waies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell ſcapes, and chances
Into an honeſt houſe, our ſtory ſaies;
She ſings like one immortall, and ſhe dances
As Goddeſſe-like to her admired laies:
Deepe Clearks ſhe dumbs, and with her needle compoſes
Natures owne ſhape, of bud, bird, branch or berry,
That euen her art, ſiſters the naturall Roſes,
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That pupples lackes ſhe none of noble race,
Who poure their bounty on her, and her gaine
She giues the curſed Baud. Leaue we her place,
And to her Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where we left him at ſea, tumbled and toſt,
And driuen before the winde, he is arriude
Here where his daughter dwels, and on this Coaſt,
Suppoſe him now at Anchor: the Citty ſtriude
God *Neptune* annuall feaſt to keepe; from whence
Lyſimachus our *Tyrian* ſhip eſpies,
His banners ſable, trimd with rich expence,
And to him in his Barge with feruour hyes.
In your ſuppoſing, once more put your ſight
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke,
Where what is done in action (more if might
Shall be diſcouered, pleaſe you ſit and harke. *Exit.*

Enter Hellicanus, to him two Saylers.

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord *Hellicanus*? he can reſolue you. O here he is ſir, there is a Barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lyſimachus* the Gouernor, who craues to come aboard, what is your will?

Hell.

Hell. That he haue his, call vp some gentlemen.

2. *Sayl.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord cals,

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordship call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth wold come aboard, I pray greete them fairely.

Enter Lysimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, resolue you.

Lys. Haile reuerent sir, the Gods preserue you.

Hell. And you to out-liue the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lys. You wish me well; being on shore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before vs, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the Gouernor of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our vessel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three months hath not spoken to any one, nor taken sustenance, but to prolong his griefe.

Lys. Vpon what ground is this distemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeate, but the maine griefe springs from the losse of a beloued daughter, and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootlesse is your sight, he will not speake to any.

Lys. Let me obtaine my wish.

Hell. Behold him, this was a goodly person, till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lys. Sir King, all haile, the Gods preserue you, haile royall Sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir, we haue a maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Lys. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweete harmony, and other chosen attractions, would allure & make a battrie through his defended parts, which now are mid-way stopt,

stopt, she is all happy, as the fairest of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leuie shelter that abutts against the Islands side.

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing wee'l omit that beares recoueries name. But since your kindnesse we haue stretcht thus farre, let vs beseech you, that for our gold we may haue prouision, wherein wee are not destitute for want, but weary for the staleneſſe.

Lys. O sir, a courtesie, which if we should deny, the most iust God for euery graffe would send a Caterpiller, and so inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee entreate to know at large the cause of your Kings sorrow.

Hell. Sit sir, I will recount it to you; but see, I am preuented.

Enter Marina.

Lys. O heere's the Lady that I sent for.
Welcome faire one: Is't not a goodly present?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Lady.

Lys. Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde,
Came of a gentle kinde and noble stocke,
Ioe wish no better choise, and thinke me rarely wed,
Faire & all goodnesse that consists in beauty,
Expect euen heere, where is a kingly patient,
If that thy properous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answer thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physicke shall receiue such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will vse my vttermost skill in his recouery, prouided, that none but I and my companion maide bee suffered to come neere him.

Lys. Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her prosperous.

The Song.

Lys. Markt he your musicke?

Mar. No, nor lookt on vs.

Lys. See, she will speake to him.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord, lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that nere before inuited eies, but haue beene gazed on like a Comet: shee speakes my Lord, that

may be,hath endured a griefe might equall yours,if both were iuſtly weighed,though wayward fortune did maligne my ſtate, my deriuation was from anceſtors who ſtood equiuolent with mighty Kings,but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world and aukward caſualties, bound me in ſeruitude, I wil deſiſt,but there is ſomething glowes vpon my cheek, and whiſpers in mine eare,Goe not till he ſpeake,

*Per.*My fortunes parentage,good parentage to equall mine; was it not thus, what ſay you?

Mar. I ſaide, my Lord,if you did know my parentage,you would not do me violence.

*Per.*I do thinke ſo,pray you turne your eyes vpon me, y'are like ſome-thing that, what Country-women heare of theſe ſhewes?

Mar. No nor of any ſhewes, yet I was mortally brought foorth,and am no other then I appeare.

*Per.*I am great with woe,and ſhall deliuer weeping: my deareſt wife was like this maide,and ſuch a one my daughter might haue beene: my Queenes ſquare browes,her ſtature to an inch, as wand-like ſtraite,as ſiluer voyc'ſt,her eyes as iewell-like,and caſt as richly, in pace another *Iuno.* Who ſtarues the eares ſhe feedes,& makes them hungry, the more ſhe giues them ſpeech; where do you liue?

Mar. Where I am but a ſtranger from the decke, you may diſcerne the place.

*Per.*Where were you bred? and how atchieu'd you theſe endowments which you make more rich to owe?

*Mar.*If I ſhould tell my hiſtory, it would ſeeme like lies diſdaind in the reporting.

Per. Prethree ſpeake,falſeneſſe cannot come from thee, for thou lookeſt modeſt as iuſtice, and thou ſeemſt a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in,I will beleeue thee, and make my ſences credite thy relation,to points that ſeem impoſſible, for thou lookſt like one I loued indeed; what were thy friends? Didſt thou not ſtay when I did puſh thee backe, which was when I perceiud thee that thou cam'ſt from good diſcent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per.

Per. Report thy parentage, I thinke thou ſaidſt thou hadſt beene toſt from wrong to iniury, and that thou thoughts thy griefes might equall mine,if both were opened.

*Mar.*Some ſuch thing I ſaid, and ſaid no more,but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy ſtory, if thine conſidered prooue the thouſand part of my endurance,thou art a man, and I haue ſuffered like a gyrle,yet thou doſt look like patience,gazing on Kings graues, and ſmiling extremity out of acte, what were thy friends? how loſt thou thy name,my moſt kinde virgin? recount I do beſeech thee,Come ſit by me.

*Mar.*My name is *Marina.*

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by ſome inſenced God ſent hither to make the world to laugh me.

*Mar.*Patience good ſir,or heere ile ceaſe.

Per. Nay ile bee patient, thou little knowſt how thou doeſt ſtartle me to call thy ſelfe *Marina.*

*Mar.*The name was giuen me by one that had ſome power, my father and a King.

*Per.*How,a Kings daughter,and cald *Marina*?

Mar. You ſaid you would beleeue me, but not to be a trouble of your peace,I will end here.

*Per.*But are you fleſh and bloud?
Haue you a working pulſe,and are no Fairy?
Motion well ſpeake on,where were you borne?
And wherefore cald *Marina*?

*Mar.*Cald *Marina*,for I was borne at ſea.

*Per.*At ſea! who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the Daughter of a King,who dyed the minute I was borne, as my good Nurſe *Lychorida* hath oft deliuered weeping.

*Per.*O ſtop there a little,this is the rareſt dreame
That ere dull ſleepe did mocke ſad fooles withall,
This cannot be my daughter,buried,wel,where were you bred?
Ile heare you more to the bottome of your ſtory, and neuer interrupt you.

Mar. You ſcorne,beleeue me twere beſt I did giue ore.

Per. I will beleeue you by the syllable of what you shall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my Father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murther me: and hauing wooed a villaine
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*.
But good sir, whether will you haue me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an imposture, no good faith. I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calles my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Councellor,
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this maide is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weepe?

Hell. I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*, speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that, she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, giue mee a gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes rushing vppon me, ore-beare the shores of my mortality, and drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,
Thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea againe: O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holy Gods, as loud
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can neuer be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you said,
Thou hast beene God-like perfect, the heire of Kingdomes,
And

And another like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my Mothers name was *Thaisa*? *Thaisa* was my mother, who did ende the minute I began.

Per. Now blessing on thee, rise, thou art my childe.
Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, shee is not dead at *Tharsus*, as she should haue bene by sauage *Cleon*, shee shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and iustifie in knowledge, she is thy very Princes; who is this?

Hell. Sir, tis the Gouernor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholy, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, giue me my robes;
I am wilde in my beholding. Oh heauen blesse my gyrle.
But harke, what Musicks this *Hellicanus*? my *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to dote,
How sure you are my daughter; but where's this musicke?

Hell. My Lord, I heare none.

Per. None? the Musicke of the spheares, list my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to crosse him, giue him way.

Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not heare?

Lys. Musicke my Lord, I heare.

Per. Most heauenly musicke,
It nips me vnto listening, and thicke slumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me rest.

Lys. A pillow for his head, so leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but answer to my iust beliefe, Ile well remember you.

Diana.

Diana. My Temple stands in *Ephesus*,
Hie thee thither, and do vpon mine Altar sacrifice. There when my maiden priests are met together, before all the people reueale how thou at sea didst lose thy wife, to mourne thy crosses with thy daughters call, and giue them repitition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou liuest in woe: doo't, and happy, by my siluer bow; awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celestiall *Dian*, Goddesse *Argentine*,
I will obey thee: *Hellicanus*.

Hell. Sir.

Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſeruice firſt,
Toward *Epheſus* turne our blowne ſayles,
Eftſoones Ile tell why, ſhall we refreſh vs ſir vpon your ſhore,
and giue you gold for ſuch prouiſion as our intents will neede.

Lyſ. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a ſhore,
I haue another ſleight.

Per. You ſhall preuaile, were it to woo my daughter, for
it ſeemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lyſ. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our ſands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my laſt boone giue me,
For ſuch kindneſſe muſt releeue me:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe,
What pageantry, what feates, what ſhewes,
What Minſtrelſie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*,
To greete the King; ſo he thriued,
That he is promiſed to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wiſe,
Till he had done his ſacrifice,
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefeneſſe ſayles are fild,
And wiſhes fall out as their wild.
At *Epheſus* the Temple ſee,
Our King and all his company.
That he can hither come ſo ſoone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lyſimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iuſt command,
I here confeſſe my ſelfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faire *Thaiſa*, at ſea in childbed died ſhe, but brought foorth a
Maid

Maid childe called *Marina*, whom O Goddeſſe weares yet thy
ſiluer liuery, ſhe at *Tharſus* was nurſt with *Cleon*, who at foure-
teene yeares he ſought to murder, but her better ſtars brought
her to *Metaline*, gainſt whoſe ſhore riding, her fortunes broght
the maid aboord to vs, where by her owne moſt cleare remem-
brance, ſhe made knowne her ſelfe my daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are O royall *Pericles*.

Pe. What means the woman? ſhe dyes, helpe Gentlemen.

Cer. Sir, if you haue told *Dianaes* Alter true, this is your wife.

Per. Reuerend appearer, no, I threw her ouer-boord with
theſe very armes.

Cer. Vpon this Coaſt, I warrant you.

Per. Tis moſt certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Lady; O ſhee's but ouerioyde,
Earely in bluſtring morne, this Lady was throwne vpon this
ſhore. I opened the Coffin, found theſe rich iewels, recouered
her, and placed her heere in *Dianaes* Temple.

Per. May we ſee them?

Cer. Great ſir, they ſhall be brought you to my houſe, whe-
ther I inuite you, looke, *Thaiſa* is recouered.

Thai. O let me looke if he be none of mine, my ſanctity will
to my ſence bend no licentious eare, but curbe it ſpight of ſee-
ing: O my Lord, are you not *Pericles?* like him you ſpeake,
like him you are: did you not name a tempeſt, a birth, & death?

Per. The voice of dead *Thaiſa*.

Thai. That *Thaiſa* am I, ſuppoſed dead and drownd.

Per. Immortal *Dian*!

Thai. Now I know you better, when wee with teares parted
Pentapolis, the King my Father gaue you ſuch a ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you Gods, your preſent kindneſſe
makes my paſt miſeries ſport, you ſhall do well, that on the tou-
ching of her lips I may melt, and no more be ſeene; O come,
be buried a ſecond time within theſe armes.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers boſome.

Per. Looke who kneeles heere, fleſh of thy fleſh, *Thaiſa*, thy
burden at the ſea, and call'd *Marina*, for ſhe was yeelded there.

Thai. Bleſt, and mine owne.

Hell.

Hell. Haile Madame, and my Queene.

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You haue heard me say when I did flye from *Tyre*, I left behinde an ancient substitute; can you remember what I cald the man, I haue namde him oft.

Th. Twas *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, embrace him deere *Thaisa*, this is he, now do I long to heare how you were found? how possibly preserued? and who to thank (besides the Gods) for this great miracle?

Thai. Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through whom the Gods shewne their power, that can from first to last resolue you.

Per. Reuerent Sir, the gods can haue no mortall officer more like a God then you, will you deliuer how this dead Queene reliues?

Cer. I will my Lord, beseech you first goe with me vnto my house, where shall be shewne you all was found with her; how she came plac'st here in the Temple, no needfull thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian* blesse thee for thy vision, and will offer night oblations to thee; *Thaisa* this Prince, the faire bethrothed of your daughter, shall marry her at *Pentapolis*, and now this ornament that makes me looke dismall, will I clip to forme, & what this fourteene years no razor toucht, to grace thy marriage day, Ile beautifie.

Thai. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credite, Sir, my father's dead.

Per. Heauens make a Star of him, yet there my Queene, wee'l celebrate their Nuptials, and our selues will in that kingdome spend our following dayes; our sonne and daughter shall in *Tyrus* raigne.

Lord *Cerimon*, we do our longing stay,
To heare the rest vntolde, Sir, lead's the way.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower.

In *Antiochus* and his daughter, you haue heard
Of monstrous lust, the due and iust reward:

In

In *Pericles*, his Queene and daughter seene,
Although assaylde with Fortune fierce and keene.
Vertue preferd from fell destructions blast,
Led on by heauen, and crownd with ioy at last.
In *Hellicanus* may you well descry,
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reuerend *Cerimon* there well appeares,
The worth that learned charity aye weares.
For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when Fame
Had spread their curssed deed, the honord name
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Citty turne,
That him and his, they in his Pallace burne:
The gods for murder seemed so content,
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience euermore attending,
New ioy waite on you, heere our play hath ending.

FINIS.

C. and P. Peculiarities collated.
J.O.H.